

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



GETTING READY.

THE SOWER'S REWARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

CHAPTER I.—THE DILIGENCE.

ALL the idlers in and about the inn were astir to see the early start of the diligence. There were passengers with heavy boxes, bundles, baskets, umbrellas, and walking-sticks; piles of cheeses, strings of poultry—it would be difficult to say what was absent.

After an immense amount of bustle and noise,

everybody and everything scrambled, shook, or was stuffed into the right place, and the important vessel got under way, thanks to the united exertions of five poor-looking little horses. Crack went the whip, round went the wheels, and the first sudden plunge forward sent one of the passengers into the arms of his opposite neighbour, thereby hitting him with some force.

"Pardon, pardon, monsieur," said he.

"No harm done, sir; all in the day's work," said the other, good-humouredly. "I hope nothing worse

will befall us before the day's out. Can't say I like the look of our team at all; they just made a spurt at the outset, but are already beginning to flag, in spite of their jangling bells and the vociferations of their drivers. Ah! we do things differently in England. Less noise, more work."

"I never met with an Englishman yet," muttered a swarthy, Spanish-looking traveller, "who could help praising his country to you at the expense of your own. That is English politeness, I suppose."

The other overheard him, and said, cheerfully, "Well, sir, and what if it be? Do not Frenchmen praise 'La Belle France,' and Germans vaunt their Vaterland, and Russians boast 'old mother Russia'? If Spaniards say nothing of their country, may it not be because they have nothing to say?"

"Señor!"

"There, don't take offence where none was meant. Spain will prove a fine country when we come to see it, I dare say."

"It is a fine country, I assure you, sir," said the quiet-looking man who sat opposite to him; "fine as it came out of the hands of the Creator, though debased and defaced by man."

"How mean you by that?" said the Spaniard, grimly.

"Well, sir, I only mean what I have myself observed, as well as what is currently said of it. Spain has had her days of glory and pride; she retains the one, and it may be hoped will regain the other."

"Do you mean—"

"I mean I hope she has a good future before her. It will be her own fault if she have not."

The Spaniard seemed doubtful how to take this, and after a short pause, observed she might have better rulers.

"No doubt of it," said the Englishman, self-complacently. "The Spaniards are a chivalrous race, sir, but 'there's something rotten in the state of Denmark,' as we say in my country. The throne is corrupt, and the corruption, in that case, always spreads downwards. 'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.'"

"Ah, that comes from a higher source than your first quotation," said the quiet-looking Frenchman, with a smile that showed he was familiar with the sources of both. "It is mainly for want of acquaintance with the book you have just referred to, sir, that the corruption you speak of exists and increases."

"Just so, just so," said the other, cordially; and from that instant a sort of freemasonry was established between them. "I am delighted, sir, to hear a foreigner speak in favour of that book—the Christian's sheet-anchor, sir; and of course the Englishman's. Sir, let me have the pleasure of shaking hands with you—my name is Hobson; I don't care who knows it. Not one of our grand old aristocratic Norman names that came over with the Conqueror—queer sort of customers, some of 'em, sir; but of earlier date than those—pure Saxon, I fancy—Hobson, the son of Hob; like Higg, the son of Snell, you know, that we read of in Walter Scott. My name's Hobson, sir," looking the other full in the eyes, as much as to say, "And who, sir, are you?"

"If you think mine worth knowing," said the other, quietly smiling, "it is at your service—Meurice."

The Englishman caught the name, nodded, and

smiled. The unsocial traveller pricked up his ears, but lost it in the noise of the diligence. Pulling up the collar of his cloak, he established his head in a corner, closed his eyes, and invited a nap.

"Yours is a name well known to travellers," said Mr. Hobson. "The great hotel-keeper, you know. Not that I mean to imply you are related to him."

"I am not, sir."

"No, no, no; though there would be no harm in it if you were."

"Oh dear no, quite the reverse. I belong to the bourgeois class, sir, as indeed you may guess."

"And what if you do?" said Mr. Hobson. "We talk of our merchant princes, and are proud of them. Buonaparte called us a nation of shopkeepers, and the name has stuck by us; but we have not lost our place among the nations, I think," looking round him with a broad, genial smile, as much as to challenge all the world to answer such a self-evident question. "For my part, my fortune has certainly been made in commerce."

"You look as if it had," thought the man who was trying to sleep.

"I have retired from the toils of business, and am now enjoying the fruits of it," added Mr. Hobson.

"You have done wisely, I think, sir, to retire while you can enjoy them. You avail yourself, I doubt not, of your liberal means, to aid many of the noble charities of which your country justly boasts."

"Yes, yes, yes; I subscribe to a good many of them, or I should be an unjust steward. Those who can't give much should give little; but those shouldn't give little who can give much. You don't know much about them, I dare say?"

"Pardon me, I do; and am greatly interested in them."

"Oh, indeed! Have you been in England?"

"During your Great Exhibition."

"Ah, that ~~was~~ a glorious time! Other nations may say what they will, sir, but it won't be readily surpassed. Besides, it was the first idea; and a great idea, too. The blessing of God was invoked upon it. People seem hardly to understand our Prince, sir. Because he's young, and engaging, and prosperous, they can't give him credit for solidity. They envy him, sir! they'd like to be in his place; and because it's out of their reach, they depreciate it and him. Not as much as they did, though—they begin to have a glimmering of what is in him. I think depreciation one of the basest, most contemptible of vices; but how many are guilty of it! How we hate to do full justice to those who are better and cleverer than ourselves, especially when they're in luck's way! Our Prince is certainly in luck's way—married to the first woman in the world, father of a charming family, surrounded by everything he can wish, with a faultless disposition, severe morality, true piety, simple yet refined tastes—sir, this Prince is the favourite of Providence."

"I agree with you," said Meurice, cordially.

"Why, look now," said Mr. Hobson, smiling more expansively than ever, "we hung back at first, because he was a foreigner—we said he was a Car-tholic, merely because the Queen didn't say he wasn't, in her speech before parliament, just as if she could have said everything. Why, of course, she took it for granted we knew he was all right, when his ancestors had actually been the champions of Protestantism."

Here the Spaniard began to wriggle and take more room than fell to his share, and make himself very uncomfortable to the person next to him. He said impatiently, —

"Cannot one sleep? Why could I not secure the banquet behind the driver? There I could have enjoyed the prospect, and my own thoughts too."

"And perhaps have fallen off and got your head broken, sir," said Mr. Hobson; "such accidents do occur sometimes, I am told."

The Spaniard said "Pish!" and again closed his eyes.

After a short pause, Mr. Hobson resumed, in rather a lower key, —

"You were at the exhibition, then?"

"I was on duty the whole time, sir; I and some chosen brethren."

"Aye? as an organised corps?"

"Precisely."

"Of what nature were your duties, may I ask?"

"Sowing seed beside all waters. That seed, I am happy to say, has in many instances since borne fruit."

"This is very interesting—you were a missionary, then, to the foreigners?"

"To any who would enter into conversation with me."

"Did you meet with many repulses?"

"Oh no, sir. They saw my purpose was good."

"Hum! It must be a curious kind of work, yours; that of thrusting serious matters, welcome or unwelcome, on strangers."

"Do not men in business, sir, try to get orders by impressing on strangers the value of their goods?"

"Yes, to be sure, only they get something by it."

"Perhaps I may get something by it, soon or late," said Meurice, smiling; "but that was not my motive."

"No, no. You were disinterested. I honour you very much."

The Spaniard had meanwhile roused up and looked attentively at a young lady near him, who was reading. He thought her pretty and interesting; but as soon as she said to Mr. Hobson, "Papa, how the dust blows in," his mind changed. She was only the daughter of that shopkeeper with his insular notions. He fancied she wanted style.

When he was again obliged reluctantly to hear snatches of what passed between Mr. Hobson and Meurice, he found the former inquiring into the nature of the latter's present employment.

"Still distributing the Word of Life, sir."

"Do you find it in much request?"

"That depends. It is not always purchased from the best of motives. Many buy it out of curiosity, some to see what their priests have so jealously forbidden, others to compare it with the attacks that are made upon it. What then? either way or any way the Scriptures are searched, and in them are found the words of eternal life."

The conversation continued in this strain, much to the annoyance of the Spaniard, who, finding he could not sleep, could not help lending an ear to his companions. The Frenchman went on to speak of the difficulty in the way of circulating the Bible in Spain, but of the good that had already been effected.

"I absolutely have no patience to sit and hear such assertions," cried the Spaniard, looking fiercely at him. "Are you aware what you are saying? Are you aware, gentlemen and ladies, what this person is

doing? He is promoting by underhand means the sale of a book which the ministers of religion have prohibited as unfit to be read by the young and the secular; nay, under the cover of Christian philanthropy, he is smuggling into Spain what his party call the Word of God, but which, as something of a scholar, I know—yes, I know—to be only a profane parody—"

"Sir, sir—" began Meurice.

"Yes, it is as I say," insisted his opponent, becoming more incensed, "and I advise you, one and all of my fellow-travellers, at least those who are French or Spanish, to turn a deaf ear to the solicitations of the vendor of such a detestable book—"

"Have I solicited? have I offered any book for sale?"

"No, but you were going to do so, I know. I have seen you at it already: you were fumbling at your bag, and I know it is full of books."

The diligence gave a sudden lurch, and then stopped short. The young lady gave a faint scream.

CHAPTER II.—THE PASSENGERS.

"WHAT's the matter, Addy?" said her father.

"Papa, I thought something was going to happen."

"You had better have waited till it did happen before you screamed."

Miss Hobson looked rather ashamed.

"It is only that a box has fallen off the roof," said Meurice. "Sir," continued he, temperately addressing his opponent, "I am sorry to have in any way alarmed your mind, and beg to assure you that your fears are unfounded. I am the last person who would disseminate a parody of the blessed Word of God. It is too dear to me; it is my bread of life, my *animi pabulum*, my *animi medicina*; and should you detect any one, sir, actually engaged in what you very properly consider so nefarious an employment as the distribution of a spurious Bible, be assured I will heartily join you in putting him to shame."

This address somewhat checked his adversary; seeing which, Meurice was proceeding with even increased gentleness to say, "I need not, sir, tell a Spaniard—" when the other, with a singular smile, returned, —

"Why do you accost me as a Spaniard? I am as much a Frenchman as yourself. My mother, indeed, was Spanish, but my father was a Frenchman."

"I apologise for my mistake," said Meurice, "though by your own showing you are only half as much of a Frenchman as I am, since both my parents were French, whereas you say your mother was Spanish."

"A mere verbal inaccuracy; you know what I meant."

"Quite, sir. I only wish we had not so often to suffer from verbal inaccuracies in those who attack our sheet-anchor of faith."

"You have a singular knack of twisting everything round to that one point."

"Well, sir, I swing round my anchor, and cannot help carrying with me whatever I hold."

The other smoothed his moustache, and then said, "I must confess it appears to me the height of ill-breeding to force serious subjects on a mixed company shut in with you that cannot escape."

"Have I forced them?" said Meurice.

"No, no!" said Mr. Hobson, with decision.

"No, certainly not," said the young lady.

"Well, I seem thrown among a group of persons who entirely agree with one another, though not with me. It is unfortunate that I cannot benefit both parties by riding outside. Patience, gentlemen! a truce with polemics till the end of the stage."

At this moment the diligence became convulsed; cries of terror were heard outside; it toppled over on its side, and was prevented from being completely reversed by a low wall skirting a steep declivity. A momentary glimpse was caught, however, of a dark body whirled through the air and projected over the precipice.

It would be impossible to describe the confusion and clamour that ensued. Cries of pain and terror, vociferations of men, sobs of women, cackling of poultry, yelping of lapdogs, plunging of horses—all took part in it. There were few of the men who did not swear. The inside passengers extricated themselves as soon as they could, and the *soi-disant* Spaniard, who was in fact a French professor of languages, but fond of being taken for a native of Spain, first busied himself in ascertaining that he was all right, and then complimented Miss Hobson on not having screamed.

Coldly she replied, "My father and the other gentlemen, sir, have hastened to look after the poor man thrown down the ravine. Is it possible you do not join them?"

He said, in some confusion, "He is being borne hither, and has already sufficient aid."

She gave a look of contempt that he felt. Meanwhile the poor man was carefully brought to the diligence, which had already been set up, and two inside places were yielded to him, that he might put up his legs. It was hoped that no bones were broken, but he was in terrible pain, which he bore quite patiently. Meurice supported him with his arm, and the others resumed their places. As they resumed their journey, the professor said, lightly,—

"It was a good thing for me after all that I did not get the seat on the banquette." Nobody returned his smile.

"Ay, sir," said Mr. Hobson, "often there is but a step between us and death."

His daughter, who sat beside him, took his hand and silently squeezed it. He gave her a furtive look of tenderness.

"Dear Adeliza," said he, "we have had a merciful escape," and he returned the silent pressure.

The young man who had been thrown from the banquette was English, and of intelligent countenance. His dress was that of many a young pedestrian tourist, and betokened neither poverty nor the reverse, though it had seen service. As he reclined with his head on Meurice's shoulder, his eyes rested on a beautiful burst of country through which they were passing, and he softly murmured, "What an effect!"

The professor saw his look and answered it by a corresponding one. Presently the young man addressed him and said,—

"It was selfish of me to deprive you of that seat, but see how I suffer for it. I had secured it, you know; and it was of importance to me in a professional view to get a good general idea of the country."

The professor slightly waved off the subject.

"By-the-by," exclaimed the young man, "where's my portfolio? Have any of you seen it?"

None of them had seen it.

"It cannot be gone!" cried he, greatly excited, and quite regardless of his pains, "my all depends on that portfolio! If it's lost, I'm ruined! Do stop the diligence."

Mr. Hobson's head was instantly out of the window, and he gave a true British "Hi!"

The diligence brought its unwieldy frame to a pause.

"The portfolio!"—"The gentleman's portfolio!" None of them knew anything of it. The owner was in despair.

"Oh, it was left by the roadside," cried a very little boy. "I saw it lie on the bank."

"Send some one back for it," cried the injured man. "Send the little boy who saw it; I'll give him something."

But the mother of the little boy was afraid of trusting him so far back, and the diligence could not wait.

"Soyez tranquille, monsieur. You can send for it from the next hotel de poste."

"But I *can't* 'soyez tranquille,'" said he, ruefully, "for my portfolio may meanwhile be removed or injured. Oh, *don't* let the diligence go on. Go back for it, somebody."

"They will not," said the professor, carelessly.

"Depend on it they will if you offer them good pay," said Mr. Hobson.

"But I—I—to tell the truth, am hard up, and this is all I have just now about me," reluctantly drawing forth a franc and a few centimes.

"I'll pay for the messenger when we stop," said Mr. Hobson, good-humouredly.

"Stop the diligence, I'll go back for it," said Meurice; "only take care of my bag."

"Oh, you first-rate fellow," cried the poor artist, with great tears filling his eyes.

"That is well done of you, sir, indeed," said Mr. Hobson, with animation. "I'll take care of your bag. Excellently thought of, indeed."

The diligence was again stopped, amid much grumbling from driver and conductor; and the kind-hearted Meurice sprang out and ran lightly off.

"I call that a Christian act," cried Mr. Hobson.

"Yes, indeed," said Adeliza, with strong approval.

"Lean on my shoulder, sir, now you've lost your prop."

"Thank you very much, sir, I shall manage now. Pain of body is nothing to pain of mind."

"You are an artist, I suppose, amateur or otherwise?"

"Professional, sir."

"Ah, ah, on a sketching tour. Your portfolio must of course be of great value to you. How one would like to do that fine fellow a good turn."

"Perhaps the best turn, papa," said Adeliza, "would be to assist in the distribution of his books."

"To be sure, to be sure."

They were now creeping up a very steep hill, and just as they gained its crest another "Hi, hi!" was heard from behind, and Meurice came panting up to them, his brown cheeks coloured like carmine with violent exertion. The portfolio was under his arm.

"Won the race," said he, gladly, as soon as he had scrambled into his place, and could recover his breath.

Warmly and gratefully the young artist thanked him; and a keynote of sympathy seemed to have been struck which brought all the passengers into accord with him. The conversation was briskly carried on among them, with the exception of the professor, during the remainder of the journey. As they approached its termination, the young artist, whose name was Edward Barton, said to Meurice, with a faint colour on his cheek, "I beg your pardon, you have some Testaments for sale, I think. As far as this franc will go in advance, I should be glad to purchase a small copy. I left home without one."

"I am glad to supply your need," said Meurice, with alacrity. "Here is one that will never encumber you, and I have change to give you out of your franc. But you had better settle for it at some more convenient opportunity."

"No, no! oblige me by taking it now. I shall soon get a remittance; it may be awaiting me now."

"He shan't run aground," muttered Mr. Hobson, aside, to Meurice, with a meaning smile. He took the franc and gave the change, saying, as he did so,—

"No one can read in the dark. And we cannot read this invaluable little book without the light of the Holy Spirit. But God gives that spirit to all who ask it in the name of his dear Son."

Barton looked struck. Other passengers pressed forward, just before the diligence stopped, to buy copies of him. Just as Meurice was preparing to alight, the professor detained him.

"I, too, would have a copy," said he, holding out the money.

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES.

BY THE REV. F. ARNOLD.

VII.

THERE is hardly any college which has stronger claims upon the reverence and affection of its sons than the ancient and religious foundation of Queen's College, the good work of the two rival queens of the Red Rose and the White. There is no college that has stronger points of contact with the history of the university and of the country. To many persons this college has always seemed the most curious, the most picturesque, the most attractive of all. There is something remarkably parallel in the history of King's College and Queen's College. What "holy Henry," as Gray calls him, did for his great foundations of King's College and Eton, his high-spirited dame, Margaret of Anjou, did for her college of St. Margaret and St. Bernard. Like King's and other colleges, the present foundation is the expansion of the humble hostel. Among the original documents preserved in the college muniments is the letter on parchment addressed by Margaret to her husband, praying to have the foundation and naming of the college; and the granted petition is returned countersigned with the king's sign-manual. Old Fuller quaintly says: "As Miltiades' trophy in Athens would not suffer Themistocles to sleep, so this queen, beholding her husband's bounty in building King's College, was restless in herself with holy emulation until she had produced something of a like nature, a strife wherein wives without breach of duty may contend with their husbands which should exceed in pious

performances." The great battle of St. Albans crushed the cause of Henry and Margaret, and it might have been feared that a college identified with the Lancastrian dynasty would have been overthrown. But Elizabeth Widville, queen of Edward the Fourth, took the institution under her special patronage, and carried on and finished the work which her predecessor had commenced. She is described by Hall in his "Chronicle" as being a woman of sober demeanour, eloquent tongue, and pregnant wit. The two queens have always been regarded as co-foundresses. The first principal, Andrew Docket, who appears to have cautiously trimmed and wavered between the rival Roses, was the principal of St. Bernard's hostel, and appears to have conciliated the support of both. He ruled his foundation wisely, and left it liberal bequests, including a garden before the gates of the college.

The next great, indeed the greatest, event in the history of the college, is the residence of Erasmus here. Fuller says that he came, perhaps, "allured with the situation of this college so near the river (as Rotterdam, his native place, to the sea), with pleasant walks thereabouts." Erasmus came to Cambridge at the invitation of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who for some time was master of Queen's. In 1510 he took up his abode here, being at that time accounted the greatest scholar in Europe. He resided in Cambridge altogether for four or five years, visiting London at intervals, and also making a pilgrimage to the shrine of our Lady of Walsingham. On this occasion he left as a votive offering, a copy of Greek Iambics, not written, indeed, with the modern Cambridge finish of style, but still replete with interest. He says, in his Greek lines, that as a poor scholar his verses were almost the only offering he could make, and in return he would not pray for the goods that others asked, but would pray for a heart fearing God and freed from sin. A great number of his letters are dated from Cambridge, three from Queen's College by name, but their chronology is much perplexed. He has only a few notices of Queen's College beyond the names of some friends. As a matter of fact, his name does not appear on the books of the college, but the tradition is strong and constant that he lived there.

At Cambridge Erasmus received, through Bishop Fisher, the offices of Professor of Greek and Professor of Theology. He by no means speaks in the most cheerful or complimentary way of the town and colleges of Cambridge. He complains that he is shut up through the plague, beset with thieves, and drugged with bad wine. He complains of the badness of the beer. He says there is nobody who can write a decent hand. He avers that the common people are boorish and ill-natured. He says, on one occasion, that he had spent sixty nobles, and had only received one. He tells his friend Ammonius that he does not intend to stay long at Queen's, for the wine and beer are both bad, and will Ammonius send him a cask of the best Greek wine? by which he probably meant the famous old wine, Malmsey. Ammonius seems to have been pretty regular in sending him his wine, but having been unpunctual, Erasmus says: "I retain your cask, which I have kept by me empty rather a long time, in order that I might at least enjoy the smell of Greek wine." There has been much discussion as to the rooms which Erasmus occupied, but the tra-

ditions may probably be reconciled on the supposition that he had his own rooms, but studied at times in another apartment. Fuller, who gives the elder tradition, says: "A study on the top of the south-west tower in the old court still retaineth his name." Many a young scholar would have gazed with enthusiasm on the—

"Lamp in midnight hour,
Seen from that high lonely tower."

Aubrey, the antiquary, quotes Paschal, who, however, was over a century later than Erasmus: "The staires which rise up to his studie at Queen's College in Cambridge doe bring first into two of the fairest chambers in the ancient building; in one of them which looks into the hall and chief court the vice-president kept in my term; in that adjoining it was my fortune to be when fellow. The chambers over are good lodging-rooms; and to one of them is a square turret adjoining, in the upper part of which is the study of Erasmus, and over it, the leads. To that belongs the best prospect about the colledge, viz., upon the river, into the corn-fields and country adjoining. So yt it might very well consist with the civility of the house to that great man (who was no fellow, and, I think, stayed not long there) to let him have that study. His dressing-room might be either the vice-president's, or, to be near him, the next. The room for his servitor that above it, and through it he might goe to that study, which for the light and neatness and prospect might easily take his phancy." Ascham, who was in partcontemporary with Erasmus, preserves an interesting tradition which gives a lesson useful for all students: "Pastimes for the minde only be nothing fit for studentes, because the body which is most hurt by study should take no profit at all thereat. This know Erasmus very well, when hee was here in Cambridge; which, when he had been some time at (as Garret, our bookbynder, hath very oft told me), for lack of better exercise, would take his horse and ryde about the market hill and come home."

Queen's College has enjoyed the rare good fortune of having had its annals, all the documents connected with its history, diligently gathered together by a learned and affectionate *alumnus*.* It is a book that forms a valuable repertory of facts, and is a great help towards the reconstruction of an obscure and difficult department of history. It is issued by the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, and has its place by Mr. Mayor's edition of "Baker's History of St. John's College." It is to be hoped, in the interests of historical literature, that this example will be followed by other colleges in Cambridge, and that before long the University of Oxford will be able to display some similar collegiate works. With the help of Mr. Searle we will string together some interesting facts respecting this most interesting college. We find Queen Katharine of Aragon visiting this college and spending a few days here. At another time we meet with her inquiring whether the town is free from contagious sickness, as she is about to visit the shrine at Walsingham. We learn that on the dissolution of the monasteries, that of the Carmelite Friars at Cambridge had been made over to Queen's College. These Carmelites had

removed into Cambridge from Newnham, "where in winter they suffered many and great inconveniences on account of the inundation of the waters, so that the scholars could not have access to them to hear divinity, nor could they go to the town to obtain their victuals." We may observe that several disastrous floods are recorded in the history of the town of Cambridge. This foundation was now adapted to the worthier uses of the new learning. An annual sermon against witchcraft was for generations preached by a member of Queen's College in connection with the famous witches of Warboise.

Several good bishops may be reckoned up as belonging to Queen's. Of these was Dr. Chaderton; "a learned and grave doctor; though for his gravity he could lay it aside when it pleased him, even in the pulpit. It will not be forgotten how, preaching one day a wedding sermon, Mr. Chaderton is reported to have made this pretty comparison, and to have given this friendly caveat: That the choice of a wife is full of hazard, not unlike as if one in a barrel full of serpents should grope for one fish; if (saith he) he 'scape harm of the snakes, and light on a fish, he may be thought fortunate, yet let him not boast, for perhaps it may be but an eel, etc. Howbeit, he married afterwards himself, and, I doubt not, sped better than his comparison." We must, however, observe that Dr. Chaderton's simile was not altogether original, and may be found in different shapes elsewhere. Chaderton had the good sense to complain of the felling of the woods belonging to the college, its "ornament, beauty, and defence," so that only "a longe row of very fayre ashes" yet remains. He writes to Lord Burghley and asks him to preserve "the long row of goodly ashes." That holy divine, and able, moderate writer, Bishop Davenant, was president of Queen's (this is the only college that gives the title of president to its head), and the college greatly prospered under his rule. When he was appointed bishop, he said, in parting with an old college servant named Rosse or Rolfe, that he desired him to pray for him. The other modestly replied that he needed his lordship's prayers. "Yes, John," said the bishop, "and I need thine too, being now to enter into a calling wherein I shall meet with many and great temptations." Among the more illustrious members of Queen's College was Joseph Milner, the well-known evangelical Church historian.

In the exterior, Queen's presents several points of great interest. Its gateway, a tower with turreted angles, has no counterpart at Oxford, but is a marked feature of the collegiate architecture of Cambridge. On the beautiful stone vaulting you may observe the embossed figures of the patron saints, St. Bernard and St. Margaret, the one trampling, the other kneeling on the dragon. The first or principal court is an example of the architecture of the Renaissance. The sundial is said to have been made by Sir Isaac Newton. The chapel is filled with curious monumental brasses. It has recently been sumptuously restored, and is now accounted one of the most beautiful chapels in the university. The hall has also been restored; it has a fine oriel, with the portraits, painted glass, and armorial bearings, so generally found in university halls. From the principal court a passage leads into the Walnut-tree Court, a broad sunny court with a walnut-tree in the centre of well-ordered flower beds. Then there is the Cloister Court, with a range of cloisters on three sides. On the north is

* "The History of the Queen's College of St. Margaret and St. Bernard, in the University of Cambridge. By W. G. Searle, M.A., late Fellow of Queen's College and Vicar of Hockington. Cambridge: At the University Press.

the president's lodge, noted for its picture gallery; on the east lie the moulded brick chimneys of the hall. "The buildings in this court touch the river, and you emerge from them upon a very quaint wooden bridge of one arch [sometimes called the mathematical bridge], carrying you over into a lovely garden, or rather wilderness, where there is a broad gravel walk along the bank of the river, with a view opposite of a smooth-shaven bowling-green, backed by many a range of majestic and quaint buildings, while through the arch of the next bridge a glimpse is offered of the rich masses of foliage along the Cam, overtopped by the majestic towers of King's." (Everett.) On the south of the Cloister Court is Erasmus's Court. The western side of this was designed to form the south wing of an entirely new river front, a design which has never been concluded, but we will hope that it will yet be carried out. To say, however, the truth, Queen's College has for some time been in a state of depression, which contrasts strongly with its former popularity. It is curious that both Queen's College, Oxford, and Queen's College, Cambridge, contemporaneously encountered a period of obscurity, notwithstanding the eminent living names attached to these royal foundations.

The sojourn of Erasmus at Queen's College is a great epoch in the history of Cambridge. Erasmus is entitled to the renown of being the father of Biblical criticism. He was a great scholar, perhaps the greatest of his age; a great writer, a great satirist, but hardly a great man. He wavered and hesitated between the effete popish system and the Reformation; he loved the new learning, but not the new, yet so old, Protestant faith; and so he has left only a tarnished and doubtful Christian fame. It may be said for him, however, that he almost revolutionised the Cambridge system, and was instrumental in carrying out many improvements. "About thirty years ago," thus wrote Erasmus to his friend Bovillus (*Anglicæ* Bullock), "nothing was taught in the University of Cambridge except Alexander (the middle-age Latin poem of Walter de Castello), the *Parva Logicalia*, as they called them (a scholastic treatise written by Petrus Hispanus), and those old dictates of Aristotle and questions of Scotus. In process of time there was an accession of good learning: a knowledge of mathematics was introduced; then came in a new or at least a regenerated Aristotle; the knowledge of the Greek literature was added, with so many authors whose very names were not formerly known." Erasmus gives the credit of all this improvement to his great friend and patron, Bishop Fisher, but the largest proportion of it is justly due to himself. It is hardly too much to say that the present Cambridge system traces not remotely to Erasmus as its great restorer. He led away the Cambridge students from the thorny and little profitable path of mediæval scholasticism to the solid knowledge of the classics and mathematics. It is interesting to notice how the ancient system lingered on for so long. In a ms. written by Abraham de la Pryme there is a passage reprinted in a recent work, which says: "January, 1694. This month we sat for our degrees of B.A.; we sat three days in the college, and were examined by 2 fellows thereof in rhetoric, logic, physics, and astronomy; then we were sent to the public schools, there to be examined again three more days by any one that would. After the degrees had been conferred

by the Vice-Chancellor, each one knelt down and prayed by himself at the tables in the Senate House."

Although very great encouragement was always afforded to classics at Cambridge, it was not till 1824 that the Cambridge classical tripos was established; which has been attended with the happiest results. For the ripest and most excellent scholarship of our age we must now look to the University of Cambridge. Oxford shows a greater grasp, a wider acquaintance with history and philosophy; but in refined, accurate, elegant scholarship, it is not too much to say that Cambridge, except in special instances, now transcends its great rival. The Cambridge classical tripos corresponds pretty well with Moderations at Oxford, except that the standard of excellence is much higher than at Oxford. On the other hand, the final classical examination at Oxford goes very deeply into subjects on which the Cambridge system only slightly impinges.

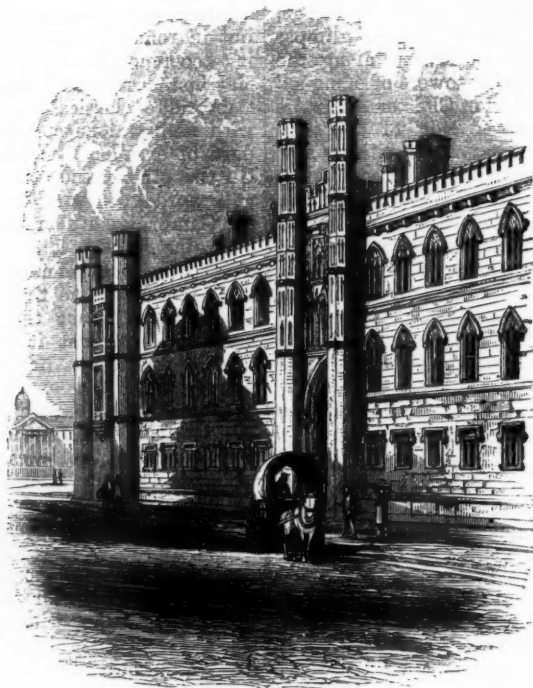
At last, in 1851, a new tripos was established, called the moral sciences tripos. It is possible that at some future time this tripos may be as important as the classical or the mathematical tripos. We must recollect that it was not till 1857 that the classical tripos was put on the same footing as the mathematical tripos. It is remarkable that Dr. Whewell, who had an eager controversy with Sir William Hamilton on the respective merits of mathematics and metaphysics as instruments of mental training, and who upheld mathematics as much as he depreciated metaphysics, was the chief means of introducing any mental science worthy of the name into the studies of his university. Dr. Whewell was the professor of moral philosophy, and he offered yearly good prizes for the encouragement of candidates. The moral science tripos now embraces four great subjects, moral philosophy, mental philosophy, logic, and political economy. By-and-by, they added modern history, jurisprudence, and English law. A cumbrous system was adopted of indicating the honours gained in the different subjects. A reconstitution of the tripos was made in 1856. But the tripos did not gain ground in the estimation of Cambridge men. In 1860 there was not a single candidate. The reason of this is that the importance of these studies hardly seems to be appreciated. The wealth of Cambridge lies in the separate colleges, and not in the university, and it is in vain for the universities to indicate fresh lines of study if the colleges do not offer substantial rewards for their encouragement. At Oxford special scholarships and fellowships are offered for the encouragement of special studies, and this goes far to account for the extraordinary intellectual activity that pervades that university. The study of moral science at Cambridge, however, at the present moment is in as languishing a condition as mathematics and classics were at the time of Erasmus. Perhaps a more perfect system of examination may be devised, and examiners be found as eminent in philosophy as in the established studies of Cambridge. A good account of these new studies, and a searching criticism of the character of the examinations, has been recently issued by a well-known writer on mental science, Dr. Ingleby.* He strikingly says: "May that time be far distant, nay, may Cambridge be a lichened ruin ere the day dawn when the learning she has fostered shall shake the dominion of immutable morality and religious faith."

* "Reflections, Historical and Critical, on the Revival of Philosophy at Cambridge." By C. M. Ingleby. Cambridge: T. Hall & Son.

The moral science tripos is the latest landmark in the history of Cambridge university education.

We now pass on to Corpus Christi College, which has an imposing frontage of large magnitude, not unlike, though on a smaller scale, that of Christ Church, Oxford. It is, indeed, exposed to the criticism of being in the impure style of modern

belonging to the university were burned. An old woman was observed to throw some ashes in the air, and at the same time to shout aloud with savage zeal, "Thus let the learning of all scholars be confounded." The college is now a flourishing institution, and is honourably distinguished for educating poor young men, especially from our great cities.



CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE.

Gothic, but the appearance is held to be extremely effective. The entrance gateway, facing St. Catherine's College, is very striking. The first court is extremely spacious and handsome, but the second court is more picturesque. The college was founded by the union and benevolence of two mediæval guilds, which obtained a licence from Edward the Third to institute and found a college under the name of the house of scholars of Corpus Christi and Blessed Mary of Cambridge. The advowson of the church of St. Benedict or St. Benet was made over to the college, and as the church was for a very long time used as the college chapel, the name of St. Benet was familiarly given to the college. The square tower at the west end of the church is the most ancient in the university; its windows have the round arches considered to be characteristic of what is called Anglo-Saxon architecture. The present chapel was erected in 1827, and the parish church was left exclusively to the use of the parish. The great east window is filled with stained glass, purchased by the college at a great expense of a Dutch merchant, who collected it in the course of his travels on the continent. Corpus was at one time, of all the colleges, the largest owner of house property in Cambridge, which had the effect of making it extremely unpopular. On one occasion there was a great riot in the town, and some parchment charters

There are some other points which ought specially to be noted in reference to Corpus Christi. It has had various illustrious members, some of whom have conferred some substantial benefits on the college. Matthew Parker, the famous archbishop, was once master here, and left the college his invaluable collection of mss. They are guarded with the most jealous care, not even a fellow is permitted to inspect them unless he is accompanied by another fellow or by a scholar. There is much reason for this strictness, for they are subject to a yearly visitation by two masters of other colleges, and if twenty-five books be missing and cannot be found, the whole collection devolves on Caius College. Another master of the Elizabethan times was one Dr. Jegon, a man of much strictness, concerning whom a college story is carefully treasured up. Some of the foundation scholars had committed an offence for which they were heavily fined, and the money was devoted to various necessary repairs of the buildings. Soon after he found a sort of pasquinade posted up, on which was written,—

"Dr. Jegon, Bene't College Master,
Broke the scholars' heads and gave the wall a plaster."

The doctor wrote underneath,—

"Knew I but the wag that wrote this verse in bravery,
I'd commend him for his wit, but whip him for his knavery."

Sir Nicholas Bacon, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Keeper, and the father of that great Lord Chancellor, who has been also called the chancellor of human nature, also belonged to this college, and built the chapel that existed between the present one and the time when the students used the chancel of St. Benedict's Church. At the north end of the great quadrangle is the old court, which is said to retain more of its original features than any other court in the university. On the south is the original hall, now used as the college kitchen. This quadrangle has a very interesting appearance, with its massive buttresses and its ivy-covered walls. Some old and curious relics are preserved among the college plate: an antique drinking horn belonging to the old guild of Corpus Christi; the cup of the three kings; a small bowl of dark wood mounted with silver; a magnificent ewer, basin, and cup; thirteen silver-gilt spoons, terminated by figures of the Lord and the Twelve. Among the eminent men of the college are Fletcher, of Beaumont and Fletcher fame, and Christopher Marlowe, dramatists; the great scholar and divine, Spencer, who wrote "*De Legibus Hebræorum*;" the pious Archbishop Tenison. We have already mentioned the great statesman and the great prelate connected with that court of Queen Elizabeth, of which Cambridge Gray has sung,—

"Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear,
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear."

SHARP WORK.

RETURNING lately to London from a town in the extreme north of England, I entered a compartment of a second-class railway carriage, in which the only occupant was an elderly gentleman in delicate health, and who, judging from his appearance, had not long escaped from his sick-room. We were soon joined by two young men, one a lad scarcely twenty, rather fashionably dressed, and the other some ten years older, and evidently a son of canny Scotland. The bell had rung, and the train was just ready to start, when three other persons, whom I had noticed loitering on the platform, jumped hastily in and took their seats. All three were near the middle age, and two of them, whose garb indicated that they were sporting characters, had that *blasé* look which juvenile "gents" often assume, as if it were something to be proud of, while those with whom it is the natural and settled expression, are as often at considerable pains to get rid of it. The third seemed to be a gentleman farmer, though it was soon made apparent that his only claim to be so considered lay in the costume he had adopted.

The sky was dull and cloudy, and occasionally smart spurts of rain came down, veiling the distant landscape from view. A few commonplace remarks were exchanged relative to the weather, and a feeble attempt was made to get up a conversation on the subject of current politics, but it would not do, and for a full hour we rode on in silence, save for the noise of the rushing train, and a long-drawn yawn or two admirably given by the farmer-looking gentleman. Then we stopped at a station for a minute or so, to take in water, as I understood, for the next run, which would be of near two hours'

continuance. We had scarcely got the steam fairly up again when one of the sporting gentlemen drew a pack of cards from his breast pocket, and proposed that we should break the dismal monotony of the journey and keep ourselves awake by a friendly game. Suspecting his object, I paid no attention to the proposition, but waited to see what would happen. Not so the elderly invalid. He became nervously excited the moment the cards caught his eye, protested violently against their production, and threatened the vengeance of the law against card-sharping. This language only provoked a torrent of abuse mingled with jeers and taunts and hints of violence, which, increasing his nervous agitation, silenced him effectually. A species of card-table was then extemporised by means of a railway rug stretched from knee to knee, and it was proposed to cut for partners at whist. But as no one responded to this appeal, the gentleman forbore to press it, and selecting three cards from the pack, began to show us what he termed an amusing trick by way of pastime. Of the three cards one was a knave or Jack, and the trick consisted in shuffling the three with their faces upwards so that the position of the knave was visible to the spectator, then turning their face downwards, and challenging the spectator to select the knave from the three. Nothing seemed easier than to do so, seeing that the cards were shuffled so little and so slowly that it was hardly possible to lose sight of the one to be drawn. So confident, however, was the performer, that he offered to bet any sum from a shilling to a sovereign against any one's drawing the picture card, try it who would. At the same time he turned to look out at the window, and while his head was turned his confederate, who sat opposite, lifted the cards, faced them a moment, and dropped them again.

"I'll bet you a sovereign I draw the knave," said the young lad eagerly, doubtless thinking that he could not now be mistaken.

"Dinna be sae daft, laddie," said the Scotchman, arresting the young fellow's arm as he was drawing forth his purse, "ye'll only lose your siller."

"And what's that to you?" cried the quasi-country gentleman, now coming out in his true character. "The gentleman can do as he likes, I suppose, and we'll have none of your meddling!" At the same time he dashed away the Scotchman's arm, and starting up suddenly, stood over him with his clenched fist within an inch of his face.

But the bully had mistaken his man. The next moment his head rang against the back of the carriage, and he lay back motionless, as if dazed with the violence of the shock; and his adversary, perfectly cool, was now standing over him.

"I ne'er allow ony mon to put a fist i' my face," he said; "gin ye do that again ye'll be the waur o' it." Then he looked round with a touch of the wha-daur-meddle-wi-me in the gleam of his eye, and quietly resumed his seat.

The bully sat cowed, muttering savagely to himself, as if intending to renew the assault. Perhaps he might have done so had he not been called to order by the man who held the cards. "Be quiet, David," said that worthy; "what's the good of making a disturbance?" And David was quiet, shifting himself into a corner, and closing his eyes as if for a nap.

This short scene ought to have opened the eyes of the youth who had volunteered the wager, but it

did not, and he was still eager to try his fortune. The Scotchman did not again interfere, but allowed the stupid fellow to have his way. He was clever enough, as he imagined, to win the first bet, and of course had no objection to venture a second. The game went on briskly after this, the young fellow winning occasionally, but oftener losing, and growing hot and flushed under the anxiety and excitement of the sport. Before half an hour had elapsed it became evident it was anything but sport to him; the few sovereigns in his purse had vanished, and he had changed a twenty-pound note with his adversary, and that sum was fast melting away. I could see that the fellow called David, though pretending to sleep, was fully cognisant of all that was going on, and I fancied that I could read in his face his perfect satisfaction with the state of affairs. I gave an appealing look to the brawny Scotchman, in the hope that he would again interfere to stop the plundering of the poor victim, but it was to no purpose; that redoubtable champion was plainly offended at the rejection of his advice, and would not interfere again. I thought I would venture to give the lad a hint myself.

"Young man," I said, "you are paying dearly for that amusement; let me advise you to stop before you lose all."

To my surprise, the sharper in the most civil manner endorsed my advice. "Yes," he said blandly, "the luck runs against you, suppose we shut up. You'll want money for travelling expenses, you know."

"No, no," shouted the other, "I'm not going to be humbugged. I've lost near twenty pounds, and I've a right to win it back if I can. I know what I'm about, and I don't want anybody's advice; when I do want it, I'll ask for it."

It was plainly of no use to interfere further, and no one did interfere again. In a few minutes more the infatuated lad had staked his last sovereign and lost it. He searched all his pockets in vain for more money, turned them inside out—examined each compartment of his pocket-book: with the exception of his railway-ticket there was nothing to be found. Seeing that he was cleaned out, the confederate who sat opposite offered to accommodate him with a loan on the security of his gold watch and chain. The proposition was accepted instantly, and the watch having been minutely examined was pronounced "good for sixteen pounds," which sum the appraiser readily advanced upon it.

Thus reimbursed, the foolish lad must needs insist on renewing the game, "to win back his own," as he said. Very brief indeed was the contest that now ensued. The cheat who held the cards had no occasion to practise the customary wiles with which simpletons are beguiled—his victim was but too eager and impatient, and seemed, as no doubt he was, quite unable to repress or control his nervous excitement. It was really a pitiful sight to witness as he staked one piece of gold after another, while the perspiration trickled in streams down his face. The sixteen sovereigns disappeared in less than so many minutes; and no sooner had the clever manipulator of the cards received the last, than he deliberately restored the cards to the pack, deposited them in his coat-pocket, took out his cigar-case, lighted a cigar, and coolly settled down to the enjoyment of its fragrance.

Out of compassion for the silly lad, and knowing the mortification he must be enduring, I turned my

face away, and I noticed that the Scotchman did the same; but the young fellow's feelings were too much for him, and after vainly struggling with them for a while, he was weak enough to burst into a passion of tears. This relieved him in some degree, and by way of apologising for his weakness, he began to say that he would not have cared so much for the loss of the money, but that the watch was a present from his mother, now dead, and that he valued it far beyond its worth, though it had cost more than double the sum he had received for it.

"Well," said the man who had advanced the money, "you can have the watch again if you choose. Send any friend you like to my address in Birmingham, or come yourself, with the sixteen pounds, and I will return the watch and chain;" at the same time he handed his card to the lad, who seemed consoled with the idea of recovering his mother's present. Whether he ever did recover it I cannot say, but looking to the fact that the trinket was certainly worth much more than the sum advanced upon it, the probabilities are against his ever having done so. As we approached the next station the poor lad drew his portmanteau from beneath the seat, and announced rather gloomily his intention of returning home by the next down train, since it would be no use going on without money. We lost him when the train stopped; and we lost also the elderly invalid, who made all haste in transferring himself to another carriage. The fellow who had played the bully also relieved us of his company, though he must have travelled on by the same train, as he turned up again on our arrival in the afternoon at Euston Square.

When the train moved on again, the Scotchman thought fit to take the confederates to task for their cruelty to the lad who had left us, in victimising him to the extent they had. "My dear sir," said the chief performer, speaking with an unction that was quite edifying, "you may depend upon it this morning's work is the very best thing that could have happened to the young man. It will do him more good than anything else, and will be worth all the money it has cost him. He is immensely conceited, as you must have noticed, and it will take the conceit out of him. If he had taken the advice you were good enough to offer him, he would have saved his money and his watch, and might now be enjoying his holiday, instead of returning home penniless. Another time he will remember the lesson of to-day, and will not despise the advice of a friend. Will you take a cigar?"

The proffered courtesy was declined, the canny north countryman evidently not relishing the interchange of civilities with a professor who inculcated morality by rule of thumb.

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI.

BY JOHN KEAST LORD, F.Z.S., NATURALIST TO THE EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION EXPEDITIONS.

CHAPTER XXIX.—ASCENT OF "MOUNT SINAI."

ON the day succeeding our visit to the convent, I determined upon climbing to the summit of Mount Sinai, or in other words, Jebel Mousa, the Mountain of Moses. I may here state that there are two roads by which the summit of the mountain can be reached. One made by Abbas Pasha about seventeen years ago, winds in a kind of spiral manner round the side

of the mountain, and is so easy of ascent, that a camel carrying a man or a load of baggage can go up comfortably. Abbas Pasha, I may mention, *en passant*, once visited the convent, and found his health so benefited by the change, that he determined to build a palace upon one of the adjoining hills. To carry out this rather ridiculous project, he landed several thousand Egyptian soldiers at Top, and constructed a road adapted for wheels from Top to the convent. He had but partly completed his palace, the ruins of which we visited, and laid out splendid gardens, when he was cruelly murdered. The other road, the original one, and up which all pilgrims and travellers had to toil before the advent of Abbas Pasha, takes its course right up the almost perpendicular side of the hill, and so steep is it, that a regular staircase of stones has been constructed, to render climbing up fairly practicable. I elected to ascend by the road of Abbas Pasha, and descend by the ancient monkish stone stairs. My escort consisted of two Bedouin guides, two Egyptian soldiers to carry water, and a third to carry my guns, a dragoman, and a small party of soldiers, who wished to ascend the mountain in order to pray in the mosque on its summit. We left camp about eight o'clock in the morning, the temperature then about 80° Fahrenheit in the shade. Our way led up the wady towards the convent.

Passing on our right a cluster of ruined buildings built for the accommodation of the soldiers employed by Abbas Pasha, we skirt the lofty walls of the stately old convent, and make our way up a steady slope at the base of Jethro's Hill. It would have been easy walking but for the intense heat of the sun, that now really seemed to scorch us, exposed as we were upon an open hillside, without even the shadow of a rock to protect us; and as I was every minute or two making predatory raids upon the splendid insects I saw up amidst the rocks, where the mountain flowers grew plentifully, I suffered the more. There was not very much to attract particular attention in the scenery at this part of the hill. Looking back, the convent and the wadies adjoining it were gradually dwindling down into faint outlines; looking ahead, the mighty mountain seemed to tower up to the very clouds. After about two hours of steady climbing the ascent became steeper, and the pathway narrower. Here I was taken by the guides to see what appeared to be a kind of basin worked out in the granite rock, effected principally by the working out of the larger crystals of felspar, and widened by the subsequent grinding action of the quartz sand; perhaps the monks, too, may have lent their aid to increase the diameter of this somewhat curious hollow in the flat rock, to suit their own purposes. My dragoman coming up soon after I had examined this hollow, informed me it was nothing more nor less than the actual footprint of the camel the great prophet Mohammed rode when he ascended the sacred mountain. I am confident the dragoman believed implicitly in the truth of the story, the utter absurdity of which I need hardly say speaks for itself.

Soon we passed along under overhanging rocks so massive and immense, that one could hardly help believing that the slightest disturbance would topple them over and send them headlong down the mountain side, crushing into dust everything in their course. We entered a narrow gap or passage not anywhere more than six feet in width, but with walls of granite on either side

so tall, bare, and smooth as forcibly to suggest travelling through a tunnel open at the top. At the end of the gap we reached the commencement of a flight of stone steps, up which the guides skipped as lightly as squirrels. My attempt to follow was an utter failure as regards pace. No two steps were of the same depth or width, some were loose and rocked dangerously when trod upon, others were so broken and damaged as to render foothold most precarious; hence I was very soon out of breath, and I felt quite sure at the time that a turn on the "treadmill" would be light and pleasant exercise compared with stumbling up those terrible Mount Sinai steps. However, frequent rests and oft-repeated calls upon the "zimzimeers," or water-skins, enabled me at last to reach the summit of the mountain, after three hours of steady and hard travelling.

Seated on the actual summit, 2,600 feet above our camp, the first thing that attracted my attention was that on this sacred spot, side by side, stood a Christian church and a Mohammedan mosque. Of course the place appropriated to Christian worship was securely locked, and the key in the safe keeping of the monks, and all I and the Cornish miner, the only Christians present, could see of the interior of the church was through the keyhole. The mosque was open, and in it all the Mohammedans devoutly said their prayers. The church is a plain building, square, whitewashed, and ugly. The mosque pretty much the same, but in a more ruinous condition. On looking more carefully round the summit, I was astonished to see large fragments of finely-sculptured red granite scattered about in no inconsiderable quantity; I likewise observed the remains of two or three well-built arches, and portions of walls, quite enough to prove beyond any doubt or question, that at one time a very splendid building stood on the summit of Mount Sinai. The present church and mosque were, I think, most likely built with the materials gathered from the ruins. My impression is, although I have no authority for saying so, that the convent stood originally on the summit of Jebel Mousa, but for some reason or other was in later times removed to its present position in the wady at the base of the hill.

As it was drawing towards luncheon time, the guides led me to a drinking-place. We descended a flight of stone steps, and in a kind of cleft came a deep well. On looking into it, I was astonished to see that it was actually sunk through the solid rock, and that the sides had been cut by man's hand, as the chisel marks in the face of the rock clearly proved. Its shape was circular, and it was so deep that I could not discern the water. Had water been visible, there was not the remotest chance, so far as I could make out, of getting at it; there was no lifting bucket, no rope, no steps or other mode of reaching the precious liquid so essential to moisten the parched mouth of the thirsty traveller or weary pilgrim. In this dilemma assistance came from an unexpected quarter. One of the Bedouin guides, much to my surprise, began to slowly unwind a soft kind of cord that he wore twisted round and round his waist like a girdle. Removed from his waist, the end was made fast to one of the leather "zimzimeers," which, weighted with a stone to make it sink beneath the surface of the water, was carefully lowered into the dark, mysterious depths of the well. It had to descend a long way before a peculiar kind of stifled splash told that the end was

accomplished. Steadily hauling upon the line the two Arabs brought the leather bottle safely to the top of the well, and lifting it out, handed it to me. I never drank water more deliciously cold and pure than that which came from out this well, 2,600 feet above the level of the wady below; and the Arabs assured me that during the hottest and driest seasons a never-failing supply of water was to be found in the well upon the summit of Jebel Mousa.

We had scarcely reached the mosque after quitting the well than a cloud discharged a heavy shower of rain upon us, while a sharp, cutting wind made it feel for the time chilly and even cold. I sought shelter in the cleft of the rock into which, according to monkish tradition, Moses is said to have entered. "And it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by" (Exod. xxxiii. 22). The monks have converted this small cavern into a kind of crypt, and a few steps lead down into it, and its sides are disfigured by a coating of whitewash. The one question that naturally presents itself to the traveller whilst on the summit is, Can this be the actual mountain described in the book of Exodus? I tried from every available position to see a "plain" from the mountain top, but could only see the Wady Sebiyeh, which in no one particular answers to the description of the open space where the tribes are supposed to have encamped in the "wilderness before the mount." I afterwards walked through this wady, and found it to be so confined in space, rough, and unfitted in every way for a large encampment, as at once to banish from my mind all idea that it could be the place referred to in Holy Writ. I honestly confess I quitted the summit of Jebel Mousa confirmed in my own opinion that the monks fixed upon this identical mountain for some reasons best known to themselves as "the mountain of the Lord," while all its surroundings give flat contradiction to the fact of its being such.

We commenced our descent towards the after part of the day, choosing the more precipitous path or series of steps. Not far from the summit we entered an open space, in the centre of which a solitary cypress-tree of magnificent growth and immense proportions towered up amidst the barren rocks. My dragoman informed me the tree marked the spot where the Lord said to Elijah, when he had forsaken his testimony in Jezreel, "What dost thou here, Elijah?" Near by are the ruins of a church dedicated to him, and built, so it is said, over the cave of Elijah; there is also a well of extremely impure water, not far away from the cypress-tree. Leaving the plateau by a narrow pass through the rocks, we made our way down over steps, then along twisting paths that led through chasms and clefts and under crags in a most bewildering manner, until we came suddenly upon a remarkably fine arch built of blocks of granite, reminding one of the remains of an ancient gateway, the gate or door of which had disappeared. At this arch and at another we passed in our descent, the monks used to keep sentry in old times, to shrive visitors and pilgrims ere they set foot on holy ground.

Nearing the bottom of this wonderful path we passed a small chapel built in a most curious bend the rocks make, that might almost be defined as a cave without a roof; so completely is the building hidden and walled in by natural cliffs of granite that it is impossible to get a glimpse of it unless

you stand actually in front of it. The monks call it "The Chapel of the Virgin of the Zone," and they make periodical visits to it to worship at the shrine of the sainted lady. Departing from the chapel, the path became so steep, and the stone steps so broken and irregular, that the greatest care was needed lest my foot should slip. By careful climbing I got safely to the bottom of the footway,



STONE ARCH AND STAIRCASE CUT IN THE ROCK.

where, under shadow of a projecting rock, there was a beautiful spring of cold, clear water, completely encircled by a luxuriant growth of maiden-hair fern, of the sort I have previously described. There was some legend attached to this spring, in which Moses figured conspicuously, but which I never clearly comprehended. The Arabs know it as "Māyan-el-Gebel."

I was not at all prepared to find such a variety of flowering plants and so much herbage as I observed in the watercourses, which really may be styled small valleys, that in every direction intersect the stupendous granite rocks making up the mountain. In many places the brilliant yellow flowers of *Glauceum luteum* were so thick as to cause actual pain to the eyes if one gazed any time at them, while the sweet perfume of *Moricandia Sinaica* quite loaded the hot, still air. Up in the mountain, too, the Tassaf (*Capparis spinosa* and *C. galeata*) flourish in wild profusion. The orange-coloured fruit of this singular plant was about ripe, and swarms of insects buzzed and hovered round it to suck its luscious juices. This plant, which appears to actually grow from out the solid granite rock, so tiny is the fissure affording roothold, is worthy of more

than passing notice, as being most probably the "ezob" or hyssop spoken of in the Bible. "And a clean person shall take *hyssop*, and dip it in the water, and sprinkle it upon the tent, and upon all the vessels, and upon the persons that were there, and upon him that touched a bone, or one slain, or one dead, or a grave" (Numb. xix. 18). I may also mention that I caught, whilst on the topmost pinnacle of Jebel Mousa, a fine specimen of the swallow-tailed butterfly (*Papilion Machaon*), the only one I saw during my exploration; killed a singular kind of rat which is clothed in spines like a hedgehog instead of proper hair; and saw that quaint little animal, the "wobba" of the Bedouins, the "coney" of the Scriptures, and the "hyrax" of naturalists. "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks" (Prov. xxx. 26).

It was late in the evening when the camp was reached. Early on the following morning we had a sad mishap. A kind of whirlwind came howling up the wady, carrying everything before it, and ere we were even awake every tent was swept away, and ourselves left quietly reposing without an atom of canvas betwixt us and the sky. To dress was out of the question, as each article of clothing was careering over the desert, guided by the eddies and currents of wind. The soldiers and Arabs soon had the tents repitched, and one by one our garments were recovered and brought back.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ST. HELENA.

It is now more than half a century since, in the service of the Honourable East India Company, I landed in the island of St. Helena. Napoleon Buonaparte was then, and for some years had been, a State prisoner there. Those acquainted with the island only as it now exists may little credit the importance attached to its possession as a fortress and rendezvous during the entire course of the great French war, and even down to a much later period, previous to the establishment of our present more direct route to the East.

It was to this remote "Atlantic Rock," often so called, though indeed favoured with spots and scenes of surpassing beauty, that the vanquished Napoleon had been consigned for the remainder of his days. Whatever may have been the deposed Emperor's feelings at this early period of his captivity, evidently his spirits were often buoyant, and his apparent temper and enjoyment even of social intercourse gave little indication of the habits of melancholy and determined if not morose seclusion that finally marked and clouded his existence. Not a few well-authenticated narratives already before the public suffice abundantly to confirm this statement. It was not long, however, before the stern reality of things must have extinguished, in his own mind, every reasonable expectation of escape, though nothing that I saw or heard in these precautions ever conveyed an impression of needless severity; on the contrary, the restricted liberty of the inhabitants generally—the vigilance exercised interfering with their convenience and comfort—might with far more reason apparently have presented a ground of complaint. In fact, in a multitude of ways, the people were often made painfully to experience how much their privileges and even property were subordinate to considerations connected

either with the accommodation or custody of the illustrious exile.

My residence, not far from Longwood, often gave me an opportunity, unobserved, of seeing any of the French party who appeared out of doors. In this way I have several times caught a glimpse of the ex-Emperor in his grey surtout or morning gown, occupied in directing garden operations, or rather the construction of some curious mounds of earth and sod walls, but what was his purpose it would not be easy to say. Shortly before Napoleon's death, and contrary to all his prolonged habits of seclusion, he suddenly made a carriage excursion into the country. He was returning almost at a snail's pace—he was very ill—and the road being very narrow placed me necessarily in closest proximity to his person. Being the only stranger at that moment standing there, Napoleon, involuntarily perhaps, looked towards me, and thus afforded me a near and full-face view. The face was never to be forgotten; the expression unquestionably at this time was eminently sad, if not sullen and unhappy. Poor man! he looked a picture of suffering, and short was the time before I again stood yet nearer—by his lifeless body.

Ever memorable to me has been that spectacle. The features of Napoleon were then fixed in death—refined, perhaps, from the effects of wasting disease—but beautifully placid, if not expressive; then the very small and white hand—the fine, soft, and silken hair thinly lying over the forehead—the delicate and slight figure, altogether presented an appearance very far removed from the stern and iron frame and visage usually supposed to represent him during his lifetime. No one could contemplate those mortal remains without a feeling of indefinable melancholy. There, now on a small camp bedstead, lay the lifeless body of Napoleon, dressed completely in the very same military dress in which he fought and won the memorable victory of Austerlitz. For a moment he might have seemed even sleeping—so little deathlike appeared that calm repose—while the face looked really youthful, as when in early life he had commanded the army of Italy. Indeed, such was the remark made at the time in my hearing, as a few followers of his last fallen fortunes stood grouped around. If sad, how touching also was the solemn scene.

"Gaze gently on that silent clay,
Napoleon's once, 'tis death's to day;
Corruption says to Fame, 'Tis mine,
And dust shall shortly dust enshrine.'
Oh mad ambition! see thy child,
The spoiler spoiled, by thee beguiled;
He ran *thy* race, he won *thy* prize,
On earth was everything—but wise."

I afterwards wandered into an adjoining room, and there were many things strange and precious, more or less, to be seen belonging to the eventful past; but stranger still to others probably would some of these costly relics have appeared in their present place. That priceless cloak of curious furs, the gift of the Emperor Alexander at Tilsit, could it have been imagined it should ever lie there? That magnificent Dresden China set, the gift of the City of Paris, each separate piece with vast cost and skill portraying some achievement "of glorious memory"—those golden remnants and relics of imperial plate—was it ever supposed they should one day be seen in that obscure room, upon that insignificant table? *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Whatever were the reverses experienced by the Emperor in his last days, truth requires it to be recorded that he was still left surrounded with the substantial comforts and conveniences, as well as not a few of the luxuries, of this life. That Sir Hudson Lowe was not an officer to his pleasing is very possible, nor would any other officer have been more acceptable, if, like Sir Hudson Lowe, he had proved himself equal to his arduous trust. Here almost from the beginning of their acquaintance was the unpardonable offence, not to Napoleon only, but to his partisans and followers.

Among many stories more or less true that I had an opportunity, during Napoleon's lifetime, of hearing on the island, I can remember with some distinctness one which I had every reason to believe, and which to this moment I credit. It might be said that no stone at this time was left unturned by the French party at Longwood and by their friends elsewhere to convey an impression to Europe of indignities or hardships endured by the imprisoned Emperor. A wish on one occasion was expressed for a set of dining-tables. Immediately, as in every instance of the kind, no labour attainable on the island, and indeed no expense, was spared in order as expeditiously as possible to meet the requirement, and in a very short time a handsome mahogany set made its appearance at Longwood. When seeing it, one of the Emperor's most distinguished attendants gave orders for its removal, observing at the same time that it was not at all the thing the Emperor desired, he wished for a plain deal table. Promptly as before was this wish also met, and a deal table accordingly was placed by direction in one of the dining-rooms at Longwood. Though very rarely at this period any stranger was granted an interview by the Emperor, still it sometimes happened (with due permission) that persons, more particularly of distinction and supposed influence in England, were allowed to visit the Longwood party and premises. On one such occasion some visitors, attended by a certain individual of rank belonging to the household, were conducted over several of the apartments, not excepting the dining-room referred to with the deal table. The strangers, beholding the Emperor's humbled dining-table, as intimated to them by their polite attendant with an expressive shrug, such as can be given only by an accomplished Frenchman, were at once overwhelmed with amazement and the deepest sympathy. These same well-informed individuals of distinction, full of a melancholy fact which they had seen with their own eyes, proceeded immediately afterwards to England, and there unconsciously and innocently helped, "upon the best authority," to give confirmation to not a few other affecting narratives, all representing in like manner the intolerable affronts and privations endured by the illustrious exile at St. Helena. No doubt, independently of the policy involved in this lively little plot, the performers themselves may have been not a little entertained by it; and so occasionally, in these small inventions, have found some relief from the overpowering monotony and *ennui* of their Longwood existence. But, be that as it may, it is nevertheless certain that the worthy governor, in a variety of vexatious and harassing ways, had to experience more or less the injurious effects of these witty inventions. Not that Napoleon himself was ever necessarily privy to them.

The historian Alison, in referring to Napoleon's

"interesting disquisitions and profound reflections" on various topics, during his seclusion at St. Helena, remarks that they "will perhaps add as much to his fame with the thinking portion of mankind as his great military achievements always must with the enthusiastic and enterprising." The range of his conversation was indeed remarkable, and included religious as well as secular themes. The inspired volume, when alluded to, was commented upon by Napoleon with profound reverence. Its narrative, teaching, harmony, truth, beauty, and sublimity, in turn, were the themes of his warmest panegyric and unbounded admiration. He professed his firmest belief, if not in the perfect divinity, in the superhuman being and character of the Lord Jesus Christ. What then? What single tittle of evidence have we that ever in his whole life this lofty intellect accepted the teaching which he praised? What to him, as far as we know, would practically have been the difference if he had viewed the sacred volume merely as a splendid fiction? Such brief conversation on one or two occasions as my father had with the deposed Emperor, had little to convey a happier impression.

During Napoleon's detention on the island of St. Helena, and indeed for a considerable time both before and after, strange and interesting often was the variety of personages there brought together. Far away as this island rock might appear, the society to be met there in those days included, in miniature, almost every rank, class, or grade in the world. Especially, in a very pleasing though restricted sense, could this be witnessed at the hospitable table of the governor. Here have I frequently met a distinguished yet mixed assemblage. The governor who now sat there, sat governor over him who only a little while before had seen nearly every crowned head in Europe at his feet. There also could be seen the shrewd and accomplished Russian Count Balmain, aide-de-camp to the Emperor Alexander; the courtly Marquis de Montchenu, representing, and intended to represent, the dignity of the old French noblesse; also at one time the distinguished Austrian diplomatist, Baron de Sturmer; and ordinarily the various officers, civil, naval, and military, belonging perhaps to every branch of the public service, in every variety of appropriate dress and uniform, from the old-fashioned but magnificent gold-and-white lapel so familiar then to the victors of Trafalgar, down, if it may so be said, to the uniform not less of the chaplain's plain black coat. In a word, here could be seen often the starred and the titled of different nations, as well as those of England, whose distinction was the coronet, the garter, or the ribbon, as it might happen: the whole, in full or official dress at table, presenting a general effect, certainly at the time not a little picturesque, if not brilliant. That Napoleon was not oftentimes seen as a welcome guest at this table was simply according to his own choosing, and certainly from no fault of Sir Hudson Lowe—though no doubt the French party then about Napoleon had their own reasons for avoiding every appearance of harmony between the ex-Emperor and the governor. Well can I call to mind the presence in this company of various persons more or less remarkable. Here I saw in his meridian day of wit the once celebrated Theodore Hook, unrivalled in his own way as the *impromptu* poet and songster, yet in his life unhappy, and not less unhappy in his end. "Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

... Where be your jibes now? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?" Here also could be seen the clever but mysterious Dr. B——y, who in full dress stood somewhat taller than his own sword; whose voice was like the voice of no one else; while the women stared, men shook their heads—in fact, whose sex throughout a long life remained a riddle, till death at last revealed—the woman.

Upon the death of Napoleon Buonaparte, Mr. Brooke,* in the East India Company's civil service, and member of Council, was appointed to succeed Sir Hudson Lowe, and I well remember meeting at his table at the same time the aides-de-camp of both the illustrious Nelson and Wellington, Sir Henry Blackwood and Sir Edward Barnes, while it is pleasant here to relate that amidst those greetings and hospitalities was terminated a somewhat angry misunderstanding that had unhappily too long divided these veteran brothers in arms. At another time, that princely Governor of India, the most noble the Marquis of Hastings, of whom it has been said that he dignified his titles, was a guest at the same table. Connected with this nobleman's private history, there is a strange if not affecting story, that he left a letter desiring at his death that his right hand should be cut off, preserved, and that on the death of the marchioness it should be placed in her coffin. Accordingly, his hand was so cut off.

Here also was it my happiness to meet the ever honoured and lamented Sir Henry Lawrence, my beloved schoolfellow and vacation companion: as a boy, remembered to be always kind, thoughtful, and considerate; and so to the last, throughout an eventful life, did the boy prove to have been the father of the man. Even to this hour I can linger with pleasure on those vacation days, when at Foyle College we together endeavoured to find amusement or occupation for many a dull, long hour, wandering through its then empty passages and rooms; and many and ingenious truly were our devices to accomplish this not always very easy feat. His superior worth and excellence I can only now remember with many a humbling recollection. While the name of Lawrence is now linked with England's history, one brief fact I should wish to put on record here. It was the happiness of this family as boys while at Foyle College, under their excellent uncle, the Rev. James Knox, besides having the inestimable advantage of his pious example and tuition, also to be under the constant influence and teaching of the other members of that eminently godly household. Especially during the long vacation days to which I have referred was the opportunity seized by a truly Christian-hearted aunt, through means of a small Bible-class, to early instil the lessons of inspiration which teach that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding." And here, unquestionably, according to the promise, we may believe was laid the foundation of that goodness and greatness which

in after years shone forth with such distinguished lustre in the service of their country.

Thus a succession of celebrities was constantly appearing and disappearing at this Palmyra of the watery desert, which stood on the great highway from India and the East. Some came fondly looking forward to spend in ease and affluence a happy future, and some were only returning home to die. Again and again, on successive occasions, could be heard the noise of those many guns which announced some distinguished arrival. It was now a viceroy, again an ambassador; now the reception was given to some Indian governor or resident, a chief commander, naval or military, or some notable, perhaps, of Spain or Portugal, or other state. All, however, had suitable welcome and hospitable entertainment from the St. Helena governor, at whose table, however, not unfrequently under such circumstances, the conversation had to be maintained in French.

But at present no more. Looking backward through more than half a century, I feel that I am wandering among vanished scenes and a departed generation. Not one of the distinguished men or remarkable characters here named do I now know to be living. Sir Thomas Hyslop, Sir Jasper Nichols, Sir Edward Paget, and other names once familiarly known as chief in military command, are now almost forgotten, yet it is possible that some of their gallant aides-de-camp may still survive, who, should their eyes ever happen to fall on these lines, will remember pleasant hours which we spent together, either at the tomb of Napoleon or amidst the wild and romantic scenery of that Atlantic rock. The recollection of those days brings vividly back the poet's description, which those who know St. Helena best will not think exaggerated:—

"The morning sun ne'er streaked with light
Fair hill, or dale, or mountain height,
Nor tinted at the close of day
Field, flower, or wood with evening ray
Fairer than these, encompassed round
With solitude, and depths profound.
A canopy of spotless blue
Reflects and deepens ocean's hue;
While Eden's garden seems to smile
In many a vale of that sweet isle.
If earth to man could give his rest,
Here might he live supremely blest,
And here, beneath voluptuous skies,
Might bid farewell to coarser joys,
Dream indolently life away,
His wealth—a ceaseless summer's day!"

B.

The Mother.

LIKE Christiana with her little band
Of gracious children round about her pressing—
The model of a mother, blest and blessing,
Amidst her family I see her stand.
Onward she leads them with a gentle hand,
Wisely commanding, tenderly caressing;
Her life-long happiness in them possessing,
She gives the life-long labour they demand.
Thus as she moves about her house serenely,
Training those fresh young hearts for God and Heaven,
I hold her office to be more than queenly:
For to the glorious angels who stand nighest
The Almighty's throne, such "little ones" are given
To tend on earth for service of the Highest.

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

* Mr. Brooke for nearly two years held this appointment, but only provisionally: being still in the Civil Service, he could not do more without relinquishing his permanent civil position. His uncle, the late Colonel Robert Brooke, a retired Bengal officer, and formerly British Envoy to Hyder Ali, had retained for a lengthened period during the French war this then very important post and government. A very interesting narrative of this distinguished officer's Indian career may be read in Colonel Wilk's "South India," as well as in the March number of the "Asiatic Journal," 1836. The late Colonel and Governor Brooke was the grandson of the Rev. William Brooke, rector of Killinkere, etc., Ireland, and Lettice Digby, daughter of the Bishop of Elphin.

Varieties.

SYDNEY SMITH ON WAR.—If three men were to have their legs and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the whole country would be in a state of the most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale deaths of a field of battle, ten acres covered with dead, and half dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more of misery inflicted on mankind, by one year of war, than by all the civil peculations and aggressions of a century. Yet it is a state into which the mass of mankind rush with the greatest avidity, hailing official murderers in scarlet, gold, and cock's feathers, as the greatest and most glorious of human creatures. It is the business of every wise and good man to set himself against this passion for military glory, which really seems the most fruitful source of human misery.

GOVERNMENT INSPECTORS.—A parliamentary return has been issued, stating the number and duties of these functionaries, the creation of the present generation. The Committee of Council on Education have 62 inspectors of schools, and 18 inspectors' assistants; the last year's salaries of the inspectors amounted to £23,250, and their allowances to £16,221, and the salaries of the assistants to £2,429, and their allowances to £320, besides the sums spent "on locomotion in the public service." The Medical Department of the Privy Council have seven inspectors, with salaries amounting to £4,775, besides their expenses. The Veterinary Department have an inspector at £600 a year and travelling allowances, and another at two guineas a day. The Home Office have two inspectors of county prisons with £750; four inspectors of county and military prisons, with £1,200 for the chairman, and £800 for each of the others; an inspector of reformatories, etc., with £650, and an assistant with £400; four inspectors of constabulary, three with £750, and one with £700, and 13 inspectors of mines, with from £600 to £800 and travelling allowances. The Local Government Act Office have three inspectors, with from £800 to £1,000 and travelling allowances. The Factory Department have two inspectors with £1,200, two assistants with £700, and 39 sub-inspectors with from £300 to £500, both the latter classes with travelling allowances. The Salmon Fisheries Office have two inspectors with £700 each and travelling expenses. The Burial Acts Office, one inspector with three guineas a day when employed and travelling allowances. The two inspectors of schools of anatomy received £448 for salary and allowances in 1869. The Poor Law Board have 17 inspectors and sub-inspectors, with salaries ranging from £350 to £900 and allowances. The Board of Trade have inspectors of various classes—99 inspectors (or surveyors) in the Marine Department, with salaries from £600 downwards and allowances; one inspector and four sub-inspectors under the Alkali Act, with £700 and £400 respectively and expenses; an inspector in the Harbour Department, with £500 and allowances; an inspector under the Registrar-General of Seamen, with £800 and allowances; and four inspectors in the Railway Department, with £650 to £1,000 and allowances.

PINS.—About the middle of the last century the Ryland family introduced into Birmingham the two new industries of wire-drawing and pin-making, which at that period were regarded as twin handicrafts. After a steady development of five-and-twenty years the pin trade was transferred to an ancestor of the present eminent firm of Thomas Phipson and Son. A few years since every schoolboy's manual contained a sketch of the operation of pin-making as a remarkable instance of the division of labour. A single pin had to undergo the manipulation of not less than fourteen pairs of hands before it was ready for the cushion in my lady's boudoir. This forcible illustration no longer applies. Pin-making, like other industries, has been subject to the scientific progress and improvement of the age, and the process is now comparatively simple. An American engineer, named Wright, patented in 1824 a pin machine, which, during the revolution of a single wheel, produced a perfect pin. Mr. Thomas Phipson thus describes Wright's machine, which, having undergone many improvements, is now in operation at the factory of the former here:—The principal shaft gives motion in its rotation to several sliders, levers, and wheels, which work the principal parts of the machine. A slider pushes forward pincers, which draw wire from a reel at every rotation of the shaft, and advance

such a length of wire as will produce one pin. A die cuts off this length of wire by the descent of its upper "chap," and the latter then opens a carrier which takes on the wire to the pointing apparatus. Here it is received by a holder, which turns round while a bevel-edged file wheel, rapidly revolving, gives to the wire its rough point. It proceeds immediately by a second carrier to a second and finer file-wheel, by which the pointing is finished. A third carrier transfers the pin to the first heading die, and by the advance of a steel punch one end of the pin wire is forced into a recess, whereby the head is partially produced. A fourth carrier removes the pin to a second die, where the heading is completed. When the heading bar retires, a forked lever draws the pin from the die and drops it into a receptacle below. It is then ready to be "whitened" and "stuck." The whitening is performed in a copper vessel placed on a fire, in which the pins are boiled in water along with grains of metallic tin and a little bitartrate of potash. When the boiling has continued for about one hour the pins and tin grains are removed, thoroughly washed, dried, and polished in bran. Various kinds of apparatus are employed for sticking the pins into sheets of fluted paper, and also for folding the paper for the wrappers.—*Engineer.*

DEFOE'S ACTIVITY.—Some of his intellectual achievements are absolutely unparalleled in the annals of journalism, if not of literature. He began, for instance, a publication called the "Review," while confined a prisoner in Newgate, and conducted it for nine years. It was published five times a week, and contained essays on almost every branch of knowledge. Most of them were written by Defoe, and every number contained some contribution from his pen. During five years of the period through which the "Review" existed Defoe was employed by the government in promoting the union of England and Scotland. He had to make frequent journeys between the two capitals, and had to reside sometimes for weeks together in Edinburgh. But the publication of the "Review" never failed, nor did Defoe's regular contributions. On another occasion he was sent on an electioneering tour through some of the rural districts of England. He travelled on horseback, sometimes alone and sometimes in company. He had to attend meetings, public and social, make speeches, compose differences, study statistics, consult agents, repel or parry attacks, canvass doubtful voters—and all this not in one constituency, but in many, for he was conducting a general, not a local election on behalf of the government. And yet through all this turmoil he had his eye on his "Review," and despatched his daily contribution. And let it be remembered that during this long interval of political employment Defoe, besides the management of the "Review," published eighty other distinct works on an immense variety of subjects, and altogether filling 4,727 octavo pages.

ANIMAL LIFE IN AFRICA.—After the retreat of the lions (ten of them) we heard them for a long time tearing with tooth and nail at the second quagga, which lay about two hundred yards off, but, having only three bullets left, we did not dare to meddle with them, although for the rest of the night we had the advantage of a bright moonlight. Having feasted themselves on the flesh of the quagga, and killed and devoured another, they came again towards the water to quench their thirst, but the recollection of our engagement with them some hours before probably checked their advance, as they halted midway and set up a most fearful roaring. Two others also approached in a different direction with fearful roars, but Mohillie having fired a shot which mortally wounded a white rhinoceros, the lions feared to venture near the water. Game of all sorts came and went in vast multitudes all night, many passing within a few feet of us, and I feel no scruple in affirming that, since the preceding evening before sunset till the next morning after sunrise, except during the time of our being besieged by the lions, no fewer, at a very moderate computation, than a hundred head of game drank at the spring every five minutes. This in ten hours would make the number 12,000, which, however enormous it may appear, is, I feel confident, far within the mark. The pool, about 400 yards in circumference, was all night kept in commotion; the splashing of water, the din of clattering hoofs, and the lowing and moaning of gnus and their calves, being mingled in discordant notes. The braying of quaggas was terrible, and the pond, excepting at one or two short periods, while we fired, was never clear.—*Chapman's Travels in South Africa.*